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FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1910.

A GREAT MAN PASSES.

Few men in America will be more missed than Mark Twain, for few were more beloved. Whether in the Middle West, where he was born and where he learned so much of men, or in the East where he lived in later life, Mr. Clemens was easily first of American characters. Everybody knew of him and everybody felt that he was one writer whose touch was true and whose merit was real.

Mark Twain did what perhaps no other American has ever done. He created a distinct literature. There had been humorists before his time—humorists who had been as original, as daring and as successful as was he, but there had been no man who had succeeded in making literature of humor. All that went before was fragmentary, scattered and disjointed. He made it consistent, definite and wholesome.

It is hard to dissect the qualities which made Mark Twain such a great literary figure. There is humor in all he wrote, except when he turned aside to write a children's story or a serious essay, but there is much more. He had all the powers of description which belong to one who knew the Book of Nature. He loved the river, he loved the fields, and he loved those flats along the Mississippi where the sun shines on the yellow sand and the cranes drowsily flap their dipping wings. He had, too, a deep knowledge of human nature, which made every character that he described live and breathe. He knew men, through and through.

Mark Twain the man was as interesting as Mark Twain the humorist. The two, in fact, were one. The books were the man, and the man was the books. His view of life was sunny, and his nature was kindly, even when he had business adversity and domestic trouble which would have broken a less fortunate spirit. He had, too, a high sense of honor and a deep integrity and a true charity, shown in a hundred little incidents which he always tried to conceal. In 1895 the firm of C. L. Webster and Company, in which he was interested as a silent partner, went to the wall. Mr. Clemens was not responsible for the company's debts, but he assumed them, and began a long, exacting lecture tour in order that he might return to the firm's creditors every dollar he thought himself in honor bound to pay. He did it, though his health was bad and the season was most oppressive. Then again, on the last day before he was finally stricken down, he signed his check for $6,000 to build a library in his town.

These things showed the man, and for these things the American people loved him. They knew he was true and generous and kindly, and they saw in him that spirit which makes a man great.

THE RIGHT SOW BY THE EAR.

The Clay Ward Annex League has the right sow by the ear when it holds that the best thing the voters of Richmond can do is to demand commission government. This is what every fair-minded man thinks, outside that chosen band which feeds on the public purse. This is what the League of Virginia Municipalities thinks, as its appeal to the last General Assembly clearly showed; and this is what Richmond will have if it goes about it the right way.

The Clay Ward League made a mistake in suggesting that an independent city ticket be placed before the voters on a straight commission government platform. The members of the league are, in the main, Democrats, and as Democrats they should vote in the Democratic primary and support the nominees of the party. Besides, they should remember that no Council which could be elected under the present Constitution of the State would be able to give the city commission government. The provisions of the organic law are hide-bound, and they cannot be changed until the next General Assembly shall have approved and submitted to the people the constitutional amendment proposed and approved by the last General Assembly. As this will make commission government possible in 1913, it hardly seems wise to try experiments with any substitute form of city administration.

Still, the Clay Ward League is on the right track. It knows that the battle royal of Richmond's political history will come in 1913 or thereabouts, when the people try to get commission government. The league cannot go to work too soon to educate the people as to the advantages of this form of city rule, and to arouse sentiment in its favor. The league should push its work until the deed is done.

A NEW DEAL FOR THE NEW COUNCIL.

The election yesterday decided whom the voters of the seven city wards wanted to administer the affairs of the city. The vote was very light, and hundreds of men stayed away from the polls who should have done their duty, but the vote was heavy enough to indicate the sentimgnt of the Democrats of the city. The thirty-five Councilmen and the twelve Aldermen who were nominated yesterday will have to go through the form of a general election and will not take office until September, but their campaign is practically over. They are the men who will do the work.

The new Council should have a new deal, and should have it primarily because the old deal was not quite fair. Many things happened in the old Council that did not please a great many voters in the city. Some things happened that were not satisfactorily explained to the people. In condemning these things and the men who did them, the voters of the city were too general in their criticism, and held up the Council as a whole to the reproach of the city. When a few men only were guilty of error, the people were quick to abuse, not the men who made the mistake, but "the Council." Good men suffered with bad, and many unjust charges were made against many just men.

The fruits of this criticism were reaped in the campaign which ended yesterday. Good citizens who might have been prevailed upon to run for the Council, and who might easily have been elected, refused to stand for election when they knew that they would receive no credit for the good they did, while they would share the blame of anything that was done amiss in the Council.

Self-respect prompted these men to forego public service they would willingly have performed. The men cannot be blamed, but the public can and should be blamed.

The new Council must be treated in a different way if the city is to get good results from it. Every vote should be scanned and every man who has done good service should be given the credit for it. The people and the press, instead of seeking whom they may criticize, should seek whom they may praise, and should see to it that every man in the Council who stands for the best interests of the city should never lack for public approval. This will tremendously strengthen every man in the Council who is sincere in his desire to serve the people, and it will make the burden of any man who is in error all the heavier. The best way to down a rascal, at any time, is to oppose him with an approved good man, and the best way to prevent trouble in the Council is to see that every good man gets his reward.

IS HEARST FISHING?

William Randolph Hearst will not down, and nobody need think it. He ran for office and was defeated. He began again, and again he was defeated. He took a breathing-spell, buckled up his breeches and took a long running start. Every time William Randolph has finished to the rear, but he still insists that he is a proper man for office and that he ought to have it. It does not matter much what the office is—he is altogether indifferent on that point. If they will not elect him Mayor, he will be satisfied to be Governor of New York, and if he cannot sit in Albany, he will even consent to become Vice-President.

Just at this writing, Hearst is in the field again. He sent John Temple Graves to a dinner the other day with a neat speech and an olive branch. He told Graves to offer his undaunted henchmen of the Independence League to the Democratic party and to promise that if the Democrats insisted long enough, Hearst might consent to be a running mate for Harmon on the next Presidential ticket. "Harmon, Hearst and Harmony" was the way John Temple Graves put it, showing how carefully he had worked out the plan with the man who fills his pay envelope. Graves was not given a particularly favorable reception. It might even be said that the men whom he addressed very calmly appropriated his motto, left out the Hearst part of it and cried for "Harmon and Harmony."

Nothing daunted, William Randolph betook himself to Washington and called on the President. When he came out from his interview with Taft, he told the reporters all about it. Taft was making good, he said, and was excelling the record of the Colonel. Taft was a "quiet, earnest gentleman," who "has placed the country on a high order of prosperity." The President, he thought, most sarcastically, was quite as valuable as a "spectacular person" who had all but ruined the country. There was more of it in the same strain, but this is enough to show how William Randolph talked.

What was he driving after? He, a partymaker and trouble-brewer, boosting a Republican President? He, the enemy of everything and everybody that is Republican, having kind words for Taft? It scarcely seems possible, but those who know Hearst and Hearst's record will not be hasty to draw conclusions. Maybe it was only a friendly chat and maybe—but then, Hearst insists he is anti-Republican, which, by the way, is about the most any one can say about its politics.

The country has had enough of Hearst and of Hearstism. Hearst has never done anything that was worth the doing or promised anything, politically, that was worth the fulfilling. He may have followers and he may have a party, but the country could do without either or both.

HE WILL SIMMER DOWN.

It is too bad about the Charlotte Observer. He is a nice sort of a fellow generally, and his parentage is excellent. He always totes fair and he generally holds his temper. He can be as sweet as the honeysuckle that does not grow in his native State, and he can be as ponderous as if he really knew what he was talking about. Sometimes, however, the Observer gets peeved. He generally takes his stick then and walks about his garden knocking the heads off the hollyhocks and cussing until his old maid contemporaries blush and hold their ears. Whenever he gets in this state, our urbane contemporary finally finishes his walk by cussing out the railroads and finally settles down to his normal pace. This little fling at the railroads always seems to do his temper good and should certainly not be denied him.

Just at present, however, the Observer is peeved because we had a few remarks to make about North Carolina freight rates and about the way Salisbury is kicking at the alleged discriminations against it. This is all right, and the Observer will soon simmer down, as is his wont. If it does him any good to detail his grievances, we would certainly not interfere.

It happens, however, that the latest blowing off of the safety valve in the Observer office shows precisely why North Carolina does not have the freight rates it thinks it deserves. The Observer states its case and tells how high rates are, how unfavorable to North Carolina they are, how they drive merchants from the State and how they ought to be amended. Then it goes on and abuses the companies which give the rates and the cities which, in the Observer's judgment, profit to the disadvantage of North Carolina cities. Every railroad which does not favor North Carolina distributing points is grafting, every city which gains by favorable rates is grafting, and all men, wherever located, who think that North Carolina should not have better freight rates are of the same class.

This is the secret of the whole matter. North Carolina gets the bad end of the deal, if the Observer's figures be exact, and North Carolina gets it because North Carolina goes about the matter wrong. A railroad is like a man. It will stand so much abuse and no more. When a certain point is passed, it gets its dander up and fights like any other blooded animal. When the Observer and its friends go to work and abuse the railroads in season and out of season, they may expect that the railroads will retort in kind and will oppose on principle what the Observer demands.

Conciliation is the better policy of business, and conciliation with public service corporations pays. When our good friend of the Observer cools down, washes the blood off his collar and begins to talk civilly to the railroads, the chances are he will get what he wants. If his freight rates are unfair, they should be corrected, but they can be corrected more easily and more promptly by remembering that the railroad owners are human.

HATCHING A STATESMAN.

The Rochester Democrats are so pleased at their defeat of the Aldridge machine that they think Havens the greatest man in New York State. He owns the town. He can go into any emporium and have as many as he will take on the house. If he wants another office he can have it. If he wants to go to Congress at the end of his short term, the office is his. Nothing is too good for him.

Before the returns had been counted, and long before Mr. Havens could regularly claim a seat in the Federal House of Representatives, some of his friends decided that the man who could redeem Rochester could redeem New York State, so they at once launched a young boom and are counting Havens as a coming candidate to succeed Hughes. On Monday he was a private citizen, who had the nerve to fight a Republican boss; on Wednesday he was an approved nominee for Governor, with Rochester Democrats behind him.

Mr. Havens is doubtless a good man and a strong man. He showed that in the way he fought Aldridge and defeated him; but to the outsider it seems a little premature to launch a boom in his favor for Governor of New York. He may prove a failure in Congress. He may have done all the fighting he is capable of. He certainly has not shown any especial reasons why he should be Governor of New York.

Yet this is the very way our present-day statesmen are made. It was so with Hughes, it was so even with the Colonel. A man turns a trick in politics and wins a fight. His majority shows that the people are for him. The next thing is to run him for Governor or for President, solely because he won a single campaign. Nobody ever thought of Judge Gaynor as a candidate for anything and nobody ever mentioned his name in connection with the Presidency last spring, but the day he won the mayoralty campaign in New York he was hailed as the coming Democrat of the country.

This may be the way to make statesmen, but history does not prove it. The men who are successful public servants in the end are the men who have been trained in public service. Jefferson was fit to give a century of policy to a great party because he was a trained public man, and Lincoln held the North together, when others would have failed, because he was schooled in Congress. Occasionally there comes a Grover Cleveland, who is Mayor, Governor and President in the space of a few years, and who improves with each jump in office; but such a man is the exception. Statesmen grow. They are not hatched full-feathered in a day.

WHAT AILS THE COLLEGES?

Woodrow Wilson, of Virginia, sojourning in an alien land as President of Princeton, has been doing a lot of talk recently and he has been talking straight. Some weeks ago he made an address before the Democrats of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and told them some things they need to hear. Then, again on Sunday night he talked to the Princeton alumni of Chicago and made some remarks which were not on the schedule. He probably surprised the Princetonians by the way he clubbed them, but he certainly did not hit them a lick amiss.

According to Dr. Wilson, the trouble with the colleges of this country is that they are catering to a class instead of to the great mass of the American people. They are creating class spirit, are incubating snobbishness and are hatching men of no earthly use to the work-a-day world if the college is to meet the demands of the day, and if it is to stop the social breakup which Dr. Wilson thinks is menacing the country, the college must mend its ways and become democratic.

Of course, Dr. Wilson was talking in the large, and naturally was a bit lurid in his figures of speech. There are many colleges in this country, small colleges in most instances, which keep in touch with the people and perform a genuine service to the State in which they are located. Yet, it unquestionably is true that in some of the large colleges the real test of the student is his wealth and social standing. The man who is looked up to by the freshman is not the student whose academic record is the best, but the young cub who has a motor car, a choice collection of loud clothes and a long line of culled cuss words. These men are typical "college men," quick to condemn every man who is not in college as an ass and worse, and thinking only of how much money they can spend and how much devilment they can perform in their four years' residence at a seat of learning. By the side of these shining students, the plodder and the grind are insignificant, often even in the eyes of the professors, and are hardly desirable additions to the college. As the snob gives his imprint to the college, the college gives its imprint to the world and loses its proper place in the making of a better country.

A college is useful to the State only in so far as it better prepares young men for citizenship and better equips them to do their duty in the world. When a college ceases to do this, it ceases to be useful and it can never again become useful until it is regenerated in some such way as that proposed by Dr. Wilson.

The schools which have been of most use to the world have been those which kept in closest touch with the world. When Luther went to Erfurt he found the college made up of young men who were peasant-born and often paupers. They sang for a living or worked with cobblers or tended stable; yet because the men who went to Erfurt were men of the world, and because Erfurt kept in touch with the world through them, that school had a tremendous part in one of the greatest movements in the world. In the same way, when the Revolution of 1848 began in Germany and when the present revolution began in Russia, the universities were the centres of the movement because they touched the world, being attended by men of the world. If our American colleges are to be of equal value to this country, and to its future, they must follow the same course.

Not to be balked in their political predictions by such an unfortunate incident as the fulfilment of their forecasts about Aldrich and Hale, the soothsayers in Washington are now promising the country that Taft will go to the Supreme Court bench in 1913. This is worse than burying a man alive.

Senator Depew is also among the last batch of those slated to resign. This will not interest the people, for Chauncey has been a dead cock in the pit so long that most men have forgotten that he ever had spurs.

Speaker Ward, of the New Jersey Assembly has refused the request made by Governor Fort for an investigation of the orgy on the last night of the New Jersey Legislature's session. It is just as well, perhaps, because New Jersey could not hope to get a hearing in the investigation business as long as the Albany gang is still in session.

Lina Cavalieri is going to take no chances with Bob Chanler. She denies that she really plans a divorce suit before the marriage is completed, but she insists that she will not marry him where she cannot get a divorce. Bob had better retain a lawyer now to undo what the preacher is to do in October.

Now and then the Kaiser does something that we can approve. There is his refusal to receive the Prince de Sagan at court, for instance, which shows that the Kaiser gets right once in a while. But then, he is going to make up for it by receiving Roosevelt, so what's the use?

There is to be a great music festival in Columbia, S. C., and we are informed by Colonel William Watts Ball, an upcountryman whose knowledge of music runs only from "There Is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away," to "Dundee," that Johanna Gadski, "the Queen of Wagnerian Sopranos," will appear at this great festival, and that she is "an inspiration to students of Schubert, Wagner, Verdi, and a delightful example to all lovers of artistic vocal music." We join our contemporary in urging upon the music-lovers of South Carolina this opportunity to hear one of the greatest artistes of her time, but what the people up at Cross Anchor will say about it remains to be seen.

"Facts About Charlotte," is the entitlement of an article printed in the Observer, of that city, a few days ago. This is an entirely new departure on the part of our contemporary, and it is to be commended, because any man or newspaper that would only tell "facts" about Charlotte deserves a Carnegie medal for downright heroism.

EMPEROR WILLIAM IS WIDE AWAKE

Keeping His Imperial Eye on All Important Cable Stations in the World.

PREPARING FOR TIME OF WAR

Lord Lauderdale Loses in Contest for Dignity of Hereditary Standard Bearer.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, realizing the enormous importance which submarine cables are destined to play in the next great war in which Germany happens to be involved, appreciating moreover, the fact that almost the entire network of submarine telegraphy is in non-German hands (it is mostly controlled by Great Britain), has devoted a considerable amount of study to the landing places and stations of these various cables, with the idea of discounting at the very outset of the hostilities, by systematic and sudden attacks on the stations and landing places of these cables, the advantage which the foe might hope to derive from their control.

It is with this object in view that the Kaiser has recently been stationing consuls and vice-consuls either at these cable stations or at points in their immediate vicinity, at places, for instance, such as St. Helena, Ascension, the Seychelle Islands, etc.; also in the Shetland Islands, which are of no commercial importance, and where there is no German trade and there are no openings for German commerce, such as to warrant the maintenance there of a well paid consular official.

If I mention this, it is merely to show how exceedingly wideawake is the German Emperor, and how, like Field Marshal Moltke, from whom he received much of his military training, he is careful to make every preparation in advance for the war which continues to loom on the horizon, giving his personal attention to every detail.

"The Skirmisher" Wins.

Viscountess Maitland is so well known in this country, not only as a frequent visitor, but also as a clever miniaturist, that there are many who will be interested to learn that the Supreme Court of Appeals (that is to say the Law Lords of the House of Lords, sitting in judgment under the presidency of the Lord High Chancellor) has decided against the claims of her father-in-law, the Earl of Lauderdale, to the office of hereditary standard-bearer of the Crown of Scotland. The decision, which is final, and from which there can be no further appeal, vests this ancient office in Henry Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, of Birkhill, Fife. The office of standard-bearer of Scotland dates from the thirteenth century, when it was bestowed by King Alexander of Scotland upon a Sir Alexander Carron, for a deed of valor, which likewise won for him from the King the surname of Scrymgeour, or "The Skirmisher." His descendants seem to have dropped the name of Carron and to have retained that of Scrymgeour, as more distinguished and historic. By an act of Parliament passed in Scotland in 1455 the office was further confirmed in the family of Scrymgeour of Dudhope, and the crown was expressly prohibited from alienating it, or from conferring it upon any one else, as long as a Scrymgeour remained.

Charles I. created the Scrymgeour of Dudhope of his day, Viscount Dudhope; while in 1661, after the Restoration, Viscount Dudhope was transformed by Charles II. into Earl of Dundee. This Lord Dundee died in 1668, without issue, and the family representation passed to John Scrymgeour of Kirkton.

But the Duke of Lauderdale, one of the most unscrupulous statesmen of the day, represented to Charles II. that the male line of the Scrymgeours of Dudhope had become extinct, and secured from the King a grant of the office of Royal Standard-Bearer of Scotland, in favor of his nephew, Charles Maitland, of Hatton, who afterwards became Earl of Lauderdale, and from whom the present Lord Lauderdale and his son and heir, Viscount Maitland, are lineally descended.

Now the first Earl of Lauderdale was subsequently deprived of his honors and offices by the court of sessions at Edinburgh for fraud, as master of the mint, and it was contended that the dignity of hereditary standard-bearer was among those forfeited. This contention was denied by the High Court of Scotland, which held that the office was not forfeited when Charles Maitland, Earl of Lauderdale, was deprived of his other dignities; and that while the methods by which the standard-bearership had been obtained for him by his uncle the duke might be questionable, yet that the patent having been made out in his favor by the King and the office transmitted in legitimate descent, the present Lord Lauderdale was the only person entitled thereto.

The Lord High Chancellor, however, and the House of Lords, basing themselves on the act of Parliament of 1455, declared that King Charles had no right whatsoever to confer the honor of standard-bearer upon Charles Maitland, first Earl of Lauderdale, as long as any member of the Scrymgeour family remained alive, and that since the family was not extinct and that Henry Scrymgeour-Wedderburn can show an unbroken line of descent from the original grantee of the dignity away back in the thirteenth century, it is he, and not Lord Lauderdale, who is the only lawful standard-bearer of the sovereign for Scotland. He owes the additional name of Wedderburn to the fact that one of his ancestors married a Wedderburn and that the son of the union inherited certain of the Wedderburn property, on the condition of his adding the name of Wedderburn to that of Scrymgeour, and of quartering the Wedderburn arms with those of his paternal ancestors.

The standard-bearer of Scotland is a man of just seventy, whose claims have always been favored by the present King and Queen, in preference to those of Lord Lauderdale. He has four sons and six daughters, his heir being Captain Henry Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, of the Black Watch. As he also has a son and heir, there is no immediate prospect of the Scrymgeour family dying out, and it is not until it becomes extinct that the Maitland pretensions could ever be brought forward again.

Lord Lauderdale must regret the money that he has spent in fighting the case. He is far from rich, having already been called upon to pay very heavy costs in order to establish his right to the peerage on the death of the twelfth earl, who was a very distant cousin and who was killed by lightning in 1884, on a moor near Thirlstane Castle, his ancestral home in Berwickshire. This twelfth earl, who never married, had in his turn succeeded a distant cousin six years previously and had undergone many vicissitudes in his earlier days, having served in the ranks of the army as a private soldier, as a railroad porter, and afterwards as a village stationmaster, before finally blossoming forth into a peer of the realm. Thirlstane Castle has been the home of the Maitlands for six centuries, and I may add that they have many American matrimonial alliances figuring on their genealogical tree, especially in colonial days.

Countess of Warwick's Son.

Young Lord Brooke, son and heir of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, has so many friends in this country that they will be sorry to learn that the anxiously awaited son and heir came into the world the other day still-born. Lord Brooke was with Lord Kitchener during his visit to Japan, but returned home direct from Yokohama, instead of accompanying the field marshal to Australia. His wife is the daughter of Sir William Eden, of Maryland, and of that Lady Eden whose portrait by Whistler constituted one of that artist's best known masterpieces.

Lord Brooke ran away from Eton to serve in South Africa during the Boer War, went through the entire Manchurian campaign as Reuter's correspondent, is A. D. C. to the Inspector-general of the army, and is as clever a writer as he is a soldier. He is persona grata at court, which is entirely owing to the personal liking which he inspires and certainly not due to his parentage, since both his father and mother are in the black books of royalty.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

The Nature of Earthquakes.

To settle a dispute will you give me some information regarding the nature of earthquakes? X. Y. Z.

The following facts on the general subject contain the gist of the most recent scientific investigations: "From what has been said regarding the formation and structure of the earth's crust, it appears we are living on the surface of a spherical shell, composed of rock and soil of variable and unknown thickness, which may be five or ten miles or twenty, fifty or even one hundred miles, and that this shell has been broken into innumerable fragments, which are floating on a sea of semi-plastic and molten rock, and this again resting on a core or globe of intensely heated gas. Most people think that at the depth of 100 or 1,000 miles the pressure on the matter beneath must be tremendous, but such is not the case, as we now proceed to show. The weight of a body on the earth's surface depends on its mass and the force of gravity. The former is constant, the latter is variable, depending on its distance from the centre of the earth, and on its latitude or angular distance from the equator. Above the earth the force of gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance of the centre—the attraction of a sphere on external bodies being the same as if the entire mass were concentrated at the very centre—but below the surface gravity varies directly as the distance from the centre. The full significance of this statement will be better understood by saying that if a pound of matter at the earth's surface could be taken half way to the centre (nearly 2,000 miles below the surface), it would weigh only half a pound, if taken only three-fourths of the way it would weigh only one-fourth of a pound, and if taken to the centre it would have no weight at all, because it would then be equally attracted in all directions. The pressure beneath the surface is then not so great, as most persons imagine. A body below the surface is attracted only by the sphere whose radius is equal to the body's distance from the centre, and then only directly as the distance, that is to say the nearer the centre, the less the attraction. The attraction of the various parts of the shell neutralize each other. For instance, if a body be placed anywhere within a hollow shell, assuming, of course, that it is of uniform thickness and density, it will remain at rest. Again, all matter can be reduced to the gaseous condition by sufficient heat, and conversely all gases can be reduced to the liquid or solid state by pressure under certain restrictions of temperature, which we now proceed to explain. At ordinary temperature a pressure of about four atmospheres (sixty pounds to the square inch) will condense chlorine gas to a liquid, but at a higher temperature, say 212 degrees Fahr., that of steam, no pressure whatever would liquefy it. There is a temperature common to all bodies in a gaseous condition, but different for each gas, above which they cannot be condensed to a liquid by any pressure that can be applied. This particular temperature at which they liquefy is called the critical temperature of that gas. Hydrogen, oxygen, carbon dioxide, methane and other gases have been subjected to a pressure of over 3,000 atmospheres without condensing them, because the temperature employed was far above the critical temperature of that particular gas. A pressure of seventy-four atmospheres and a temperature of 31 degrees Cen. (or lower) are required to liquefy carbon dioxide, but above that temperature no pressure would condense it. In consequence, then, of this critical condition of matter and the comparatively light pressure that exists there, the interior of the earth must be plastic, liquid or gaseous, according to its depth or distance from the surface. In a gaseous condition it certainly was when detached from the parent mass which subsequently became the sun; in a plastic condition at a comparatively low depth when the Laurentian mountains were heaved up, for the soft plastic rock penetrated into the holes and fissures in the uplifted strata just as melted lead would do if thrown on a surface containing holes or cracks, and as a matter of fact, volcanoes still pour forth from their fiery mouths melted rock or lava, which is, no doubt, gaseous at great depths.

"The collapse of volcanic cones, and the more or less irregular settling down of large areas of the surface, must necessarily disturb the centre of gravity of the earth, and as the axis of rotation must pass through the point, the position of the poles is not permanent, but variable, and therefore a slight variation in the latitude of places must take place—a variation which has already been established by direct astronomical observation at several observatories. The shifting of the poles through a distance of 101 feet would cause in certain localities a change of one second of arc in the latitudes. There is also abundant geologic evidence to show that the poles must have occupied quite a different position in prehistoric times from what they do to-day, for a subtropical climate certainly once existed in high northern latitudes.

"Earthquakes are not subject to any law; they cannot, therefore, be predicted, but no doubt more are to come, where and when, no man can tell. The vast store of subterranean heat hid deep in the earth's bosom will keep her pulse throbbing for a long time, perhaps for millions of years, but owing to the radiation of heat from the surface, which no doubt exceeds slightly that received from the sun, and through the agencies of volcanoes and hot springs, a time will come in the far distant future when the temperature will decline to such an extent that all animal and vegetable life will cease to exist on the earth."

The Rockefeller Institute.

Can you give me the name and address of the physician in charge of the Rockefeller Institution for Investigation and Cure of Cancer, in New York City? Can a poor man obtain treatment by application in the institution, or obtain directions for use in his own home? A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.

Dr. Simon Flexner is in charge of this work. No arrangements have yet been made by which cancer serum will be sent from New York to those who wish to be treated. It will be necessary to visit New York. Dr. Flexner may be reached at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

Voice of the People

Communications must not contain more than 300 words.
When this limit is exceeded letters will be returned.
No anonymous communications will be accepted.
A stamped envelope, with the writer's address, must accompany every communication.

Cook and Mt. McKinley.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I was much interested in the dispatch in to-day's paper about the ascent of Mt. McKinley by one Loyd and others. It seems they went to all that expense and hardship to disprove the assertion of Cook that he made the ascent. Why should they do this? I would be very glad indeed to know who financed this last party and who was behind it. If it was so easy as this dispatch indicates to make the ascent why should Cook have failed to reach the top? And then, how do we know that this last party reached it? Suppose some other mountain climber ascends Mt. McKinley and says he found no trace of the Loyd party? I am not a Cook enthusiast, neither am I a Pearyite. I doubt very seriously if either of them reached the North Pole, and care less. Even if one or both did reach the pole, it has been of no benefit to mankind, and it was simply a trial of physical endurance. They would deserve no more honor or credit from the public than would the Hon. Mr. Jeffries or Hon. "Mr." Johnsing, while as to Hon. Tyrus Cobb—well, they are not in his class.

HAROLD M. SMITH.

HOT BREAD IS ALL RIGHT.

Secretary Wilson Gives It Formal Approval in His Cook Book.

It may seem a little out of the province of the Secretary of Agriculture to issue a cook book. However, let us take what we get with thanks, and be content. This which Secretary Wilson now gives to the world is not his first venture in cook book publication. In it he takes up the subject of bread-making. He makes a noise like a bread expert, even such as mother used to be.

Right at the start, however, he says something calculated to stir the dry bones of preconceived ideas about bread. Who can remember the time when he wasn't told, by doctors and hygienists of all grades, that he mustn't eat bread hot from the baking? It's good, they admitted, but it's bad for your stomach. Many of the foolish disregard the advice. They went on, and supposedly were punished—for imagination will do great things. But Secretary Wilson comes fortunately and at high time to the rescue of all of us.

May it not be as well to apply the test of plain straight thinking to this thing? Why is hot bread unhealthy? Because, they would answer, it reaches the stomach in a pasty, soggy, indigestible mass. The dryest toast that ever was toasted would, if properly chewed and mixed with saliva, reach the stomach in a pasty mass which could not be distinguished from the mass formed by hot bread. All the reasonable stomach asks is that the food be pulverized, properly mixed with saliva and sent along in reasonable quantities. These rules it is just as easy to apply to hot bread as it is to apply them to any bread. Thank you, Mr. Wilson; most of us always did prefer fresh bread.—New Haven Register.